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through the Belfast Magazine, and I doubt not but they will contribute to augment, to a very high degree, the reputation which that publication has already so deservedly attained.

To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.

ALTHOUGH you have been so unreasonably worried for inserting an account of Theophilus Lindsey, as if it were criminal to suppose a man may conscientiously separate from the church in which he was educated, and as if the old exploded doctrine of *the crime of schism* were to be revived in this quarter, although generally exploded in the enlightened parts of the empire, I hope you are not deterred from publishing such interesting facts respecting other dissenters, as may have a tendency to convey useful instruction. I trust your pages will always be open to whatever will have a tendency to liberalize the public mind.

At a late public dinner of the subscribers to the Unitarian fund in London, William Frend, M.A. the well known mathematician and astronomer, and author of that amusing and instructive periodical work, "Evening Amusements, or the Beauty of the Heavens Displayed," in which several striking appearances to be observed in the evenings of the succeeding year, are described; a learned man himself, took that opportunity of making some observations on the great and obvious difference between ignorance and want of learning. "A man might not be a scholar and yet a well informed man; as he might not be a well informed man, though a scholar. To teach religion requires only a knowledge of it, which a man may have without classical learning. To be able to tell the name of a candlestick in ten different languages does not carry a man a whit towards the right understanding of the New Testament." He defined the true province of learning, and described its usefulness within its legitimate boundaries. Fanaticism is the great enemy, from which common sense is a more effectual preservative than learning. If you are not tired with sound sense though from the lips of a non-conformist, I recommend you to insert the following letter written by the late Robert Robinson of Cambridge, a noted baptist preacher, well known and highly respected by many at that University—and which has lately appeared in an edition of his works. He was a man of undoubted piety, and though he appears to treat this subject with a certain air of jocularity, at which some may be offended, yet I think there is much sound sense in the letter. He shows himself a man usefully employed. I do not expect the full and useful occupation of his time throughout the day made his sermon less instructive in the evening. The Baptists do not consider that secular employment unfits for the ministerial office, and consequently many of their preachers are shopkeepers and persons in mechanical employments. I think I see a smile on the countenance of many of your readers; but before they are too hasty in their censures, it may be well for them to know that Robert Robinson was a well informed man, wrote much in defence of the christian religion, was free from fanaticism, no canter, and was highly respected by many members of the University, among whom he lived, as well as by others who differed widely in opinion from him. It is happy for mankind to learn to bear with diversity of opinion, and to open their hearts to look favourably on the merits of those, whose sentiments and theirs may be widely different. N.

TO HENRY KEENE, ESQ. WALWORTH:

Chesterton, May 26, 1784

OLD FRIEND,

You love I should write folios: that depends upon circumstances, and if the thunder-storm lasts, it will be so: but what a sad thing it is to be forced to write, when one has nothing to say? Well, you shall have an apology for not writing,—that is, a diary of one day.

Rose at three o'clock—crawled into the library—and met one who said, "Yet a little while is the light with you: walk while ye have the light—the night cometh, when no man can work—my father worketh hitherto,

and I work."—Rang the great bell, and roused the girls to milking—went up to the farm, roused the horse-keeper—fed the horses while he was getting up—called the boy to suckle the calves, and clean out the cow-house—lighted the pipe, walked round the gardens to see what was wanting there—went up the paddock to see if the weanling calves were well—went down to the ferry, to see whether the boy had scooped and cleaned the boats—returned to the farm—examined the shoulders, heels, traces, chaff, and corn of eight horses going to plough—mended the acre staff—cut some thongs, whip-corded the boys' plough whips—pumped the troughs full—saw the hogs fed—examined the swill-tubs, and then the cellar—ordered a quarter of malt, for the hogs want grains, and the men want beer—filled the pipe again, returned to the river, and bought a lighter of turf for dairy-fires, and another of sedge for ovens—hunted up the wheel-barrows, and set them a trundling—returned to the farm, called the men to breakfast, and cut the boys' bread, and cheese, and saw the wooden bottles filled—sent one plough to the three-roods, another to the three-half-acres, and so on—shut the gates, and the clock struck five—breakfasted—set two men to ditch the five roods—two more to chop sads, and spread about the land—two more to throw up muck in the yard—and three men and six women to weed wheat—set on the carpenter to repair cow-cribs, and set them up till winter—the wheeler to mend up the old carts, cart-ladders, rakes, &c. preparatory to hay-time and harvest—walked to the six-acres, found hogs in the grass—went back, and sent a man to hedge and thorn—sold the butcher a fat calf, and the suckler a lean one—the clock strikes nine—walked into barley-field—barleys fine, picked off a few tiles and stones, and cut a few thistles—the peas fine, but foul; the charlock must be topped,—the tares doubtful; the fly seems to have taken them—prayed for rain, but could not see a cloud—came round to the wheat-field—wheats rather thin, but the finest colour in the world—sent four women on to the short-est wheats—ordered one man to weed the ridge of the long wheats—and two women to keep rank and file with him in the furrows—thistles many—blue-bottles no end—traversed all the wheat-field—came to the fallow-field—the ditches have run crooked—set them straight—the flag-sads cut too much—rush-sads too little—strength wasted—show the men how to three-corner them—laid out more work for the ditchers—went to the ploughs—set the foot a little higher, cut a wedge, set the coulter deeper, must go and get a new mould-board against to-morrow—went to the other plough—picked up some wool, and tyed over the traces—mended a horse-tree, tyed a thong to the plough-hammer—went to see which lands wanted ploughing first—sat down under a bush—wondered how any man could be so silly as to call me *reverend*—read two verses, and thought of his loving kindness in the midst of his temple—gave out, "Come all harmonious tongues," and set mount Ephraim tune—rose up—whistled—the dogs wagged their tales, and on we went—got home—dinner ready—filled the pipe—drank some milk—and fell a-sleep—woke by the carpenter for some slats, which the sawyer must cut—the Reverend Messrs. A. in a coat, B. in a gown of black, and C. in one of purple, came to drink tea, and to settle, whether Gomer was the father of the Celts and Gauls and Britons, or only the uncle—proof-sheet from Mr. Archdeacon—corrected it—washed—dressed—went to meeting, and preached from, *the end of all things is at hand, be ye sober and watch unto prayer.*—Really and truly we look for you and Mrs. Keene and Mr. Dore at harvest; and if you do not come, I know what you all are—Let Mr. Winch go where he can better himself. Is not this a folio? And like many other folios? . . . . .

R. ROBINSON

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

THE following Proposal has been lately circulated through this town. The subject is important, and we heartily wish success to a plan calculated to relieve the really distressed, and to